

THE
Johnson Journal



DECEMBER, 1950

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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EDITORIAL

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Recently a motion was passed changing the name of Railroad Avenue to Waverly Road. For years, we poor unfortunates have gone along in blissful ignorance, finding nothing wrong with the name "Railroad Avenue." Now it has been pointed out to us that such a name is unsuitable. It brings up such terrible associations that people might think it's on the wrong side of the tracks. Horrors! If people really think such things about our streets, perhaps we'd better change quite a few other names.

Let's start our reform with Tavern Road. A street as attractive as this shouldn't have a name that brings up such vulgar associations as taverns. We'll have to change it to something more poetic. How about Sunset Road?

Water Street will be our next stop. We certainly don't want people to think we have a waterfront like those in movies, with all sorts of shady characters lurking around. You think of a new name for this one.

Main Street is a frightfully common name because every town has one, so we'll change that, and Mill Street, and scads more. Soon we'll all need guide maps to know what street we're walking on.

I hope this bit of nonsense points out to you that there's absolutely nothing in a name. We don't judge

a man's profession and his character by his name, so why apply that practice to streets? When the old adage "What's in a name?" arises, let's all take a firm stand and say, "It's not the name of a person or place that counts, but the reputation they've gained through the years."

Mary Ann Maynard, '51

CRUMPLED PAPER

Many students do a great deal of studying at home. They will, naturally, have scrap paper, but do they think of disposing of it in a corner or drawer? Of course not! They have too much pride in their home and they keep it as neat as possible. All trash is deposited in a wastebasket.

Why then don't they use the wastebaskets in school? Day after day students return to home rooms to find their desks littered with crumpled paper or paper which has been torn into tiny bits. This is very irksome for the students who take pride in keeping their desks neat. It is a bad reflection on the few students who persist in using someone else's desk as a wastebasket. There are wastebaskets in every room, provided especially for the disposal of scrap paper.

Why then don't they start using them and show some consideration for their schoolmates as well as help in promoting school spirit?

Ann Gioco, '51

NECESSITY OF HARD WORK

Have you ever noticed the man who was once a Johnson football player at one of our football games? He stands on the side-lines, oblivious of the wildly-cheering crowd, living every play with the boys on the field. He's excited and eager. He's interested in the game.

Six years back when he had been a scrub on the squad he hadn't been excited and interested. He'd been discouraged. Every day he had run laps and practiced as hard as the rest of them, but he had never been put into a game. Two years later, however, he suddenly became the star of the team and realized that all his hard work had not been useless. Now that man is an eager spectator at every game.

Not only in football, but in every other worthwhile thing, you have to go through a long period of hard work and disappointment before you reach the top. In forming a club you have to go through weeks of hard work before you develop an interesting program. In studying a foreign language you have to go through months of tiresome grammar before you learn enough to enjoy it. Don't be discouraged and give up too quickly. Remember, if you keep at it long enough you will have your reward.

Marjorie Terret, '51

LET'S BUCKLE DOWN!

Did you ever watch a group of buzzing bees as they aimlessly milled about their bee hive? Or maybe you once attended a three ring circus and were spellbound as you gazed upon all the activities which were taking place. Well, these two descriptions closely resemble what we call at Johnson "study periods."

As the passing bell rings and pupils are excused from that "horrible class," some look forward to

forty minutes of recreation—"a spare." In through the doors they troop, laden with books, papers, pencils, all simulating hard working students. However as we well know, this pretense of theirs begins and ends at the door, and from then on regular rumpus is in progress.

First of all, that inevitable trip to the pencil sharpener is necessary. Then, of course, this scrap paper yearns for its natural habitat—the waste-paper basket. Other such diversions, like continually going up to the desk for composition paper, or supposedly looking up a baffling word in the dictionary, or filling that fountain pen again when it was only filled about two sentences ago add to the confusion of our study periods. Another constant annoyance, is the surreptitious passing of notes. Many times this so-called "note" travels a considerable distance, perhaps down two seats, over three rows, and then a quick toss is made in hopes that it will arrive at its destination in safety.

These antics and many more constitute in some study rooms the behavior of the pupils. We are harming no one but ourselves, because lessons which are not prepared in study rooms are always left to be done at home when we could be enjoying ourselves. Many people say that it is only human nature to have fun when a group is together, but we must remember the object of the group. If it is a social group, then recreation is expected; but, in our case, it is a study group, therefore studying is expected. The saying "work and then play" would be a good motto for all pupils to adopt as the bells ring to begin our study periods at Johnson.

Ann Hickey, '51



LITERARY

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Old Miss Cynthia sat in a large, unfriendly chair by a cheerless fire. The gloomy old library seemed even more gloomy when a stray beam of firelight flickered on a piece of the monstrous old furniture. Almost all her waking hours had been spent in this room for the last 30 years. Among these old volumes she had sat remembering that quarrel she had had so long ago with her relations, her attitude still unforgiving.

But now, tonight, something new had been added. A letter lay in her hand, and judging by the frown on her face she did not like the news it contained.

"Well," she said to herself as she rose to ring for a servant, "I don't suppose there's anything I can do about it."

Jenson, her butler and servant, came into the room in answer to her ring.

"Get the car out, Jenson, and drive to the railroad station. My sister has just died and I am the only living relative of her daughter who is coming here on the next train."

Jenson gasped in surprise.

"Hurry, I say. Don't stand there with your mouth open like an idiot. Do as you're told."

The confused Jenson was herded out of the room, but he went, nevertheless, to do her bidding.

It was just striking eight. From a distant church, carols were carried through the air. Miss Cynthia's niece had arrived two hours ago,

but it was only now that Miss Cynthia had sent for her. She had put it off as long as possible.

"Maybe I can teach her to live right, for herself and herself alone. Fool-hardy people. Never had a cent. Others! That was their story. Help others! Hah!"

Hearing the soft soothing music of the carols, she settled back in her chair.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve," she thought half aloud. "I'd forgotten. It's been so long since I've seen a tree or a candle burning in some gay window or—."

Here she stopped herself.

"But, enough! I have more important things to do."

Just then the door opened and a pretty young girl of eighteen was ushered in.

"Leave us alone," she snapped at the servants, who immediately fled.

The girl faced her questioningly, but unperturbed.

The things she had meant to snap at her just wouldn't come out. She was like a ray of sunlight and lighted up the whole room with her honey-colored hair and big dazzling smile.

"I brought you a Christmas gift," she said quietly.

The old woman was a little surprised.

"Hand it here," she commanded, regaining her usual composure.

The gift was a small statue of Christ. While holding it in her hand, it seemed to take on a heavenly light. She stared at it

for a long time. Then she looked up at her niece.

"Can you forgive me," she said, "for yourself and your family. I could have saved them needless pain and sorrow. With my wealth I could have made them happy and myself happy, too."

"Of course I'll forgive you. But there's nothing to forgive."

She bent and kissed her aunt's cheek. As the door closed softly behind her Cynthia whispered, "And may God forgive me, too."

An hour later they found her, slumped in her chair, with the little statue of Christ clenched in her hand. For the first time in 30 years the expression on her face was one of serenity.

Margaret Crotty, '53

"'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house everyone was in a great rush.

Outside in the stables, Cupid stamped his foot impatiently.

"I simply can't understand why I'm so nervous!" he exclaimed to Dasher who stood in the next stall chomping his cud.

"Oh, be quiet!" called Prancer from the other end. "You're always nervous along about this time."

"Hey, fellas!" yelled Vixen, "Here comes Perry to harness us."

The little green-clad elf had a piece of carrot for each of them. With the help of seven other elves he hauled the sleigh from its shed and started leading the reindeer from their stalls.

"Whoa there, Prancer old boy. That's it! Back, back, boy!"

They all heard the door to the house slam, and looked to see Santa hurrying out with a huge sack of toys. Mrs. Santa trailed after him, lugging another bag.

Santa placed the bundle in the back of the sleigh and then turned to help Mrs. Santa put in the next one.

"Hurry!" he cried to the elves. "Only 5 more minutes left. This is going to be a busy evening. I've seven bags this year."

Ten minutes later, Santa went to the head of each deer, checked his halter and gave him a reassuring pat on the neck.

"Mary;" he called to Mrs. Santa. "Please run in and get my red mittens. They're in the second drawer in my bed room."

By this time all the reindeer were excited and nervous.

"Please scratch my left ear," complained Donder to Blitzen, who was the leader.

"Hush!" scolded Blitzen. "It's your imagination. Didn't we all have a good feed of oats and a good grooming before we came out?"

Mrs. Santa hurried out with Santa's mittens and handed them to him.

"Hi, yup! You Donder, Blitzen let's go! Gee yup there! Hi, ya!"

"He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down on a thistle."

"But I heard him exclaim ere he drew out of sight,"

"Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night."

Jean Ingram, '53

GUARDIAN ANGEL

I can't imagine any place I would rather be than way up here on top of Johnson High School. Oh, I'll admit I have lots of responsibilities and my job is a nerve-wracking one, but there are pleasant aspects to it too. I can see for miles around and there isn't much that escapes me, although some times the traffic goes down the state highway so

fast that I am sure there is going to be an accident and I cover my face with my hands.

Oh my, it is nearly quarter of eight and I must be going on duty. It is up to me to see that the students get here on time. Let's see now—yes, here they come from all directions. I'll let them know they have plenty of time.

Ouch! I wish they wouldn't slam that door so hard. It fairly shakes my insides to pieces. There are some more getting off the bus.

"You'd better step on it or you'll be late and I'll be sure to get the blame."

Oh, goodness there are some of those slow-pokes way down there on Main Street! I'll call as loudly as I can—"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight!"

I knew it! They don't give any indication that they have even heard me. "Hurry, hurry! Can't you see that time is flying?"

Well, they finally made it, even though it seemed impossible. I tell you, when the door closes on the last one of them my nerves are worn to a frazzle and my heart is pounding like a trip-hammer, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Now that I have turned them over to the teachers, I can have a little time to myself.

What's that smoke way over there? Looks like a fire. Yes, there go the engines. Now the smoke seems to be dying down. It couldn't have been much of a fire because here come the engines back again.

Just look at that dog chasing cars again. Sometimes I have all I can do to keep from yelling at him to stop, but he wouldn't pay any more attention to me than the students do.

Here comes the mailman on his morning rounds. He always glances up at me to see if he is on schedule, and I give him a friendly nod. I'd

surely miss him if the mails ever stopped.

Those airplanes will be the death of me yet. They fly so low that I am sure they are going to hit me.

I do believe that bird is building a nest right under my very nose. Oh dear, now I'll feel responsible for her family. My nerves really get on edge when the little birds are learning to fly.

Heavens! It is nearly lunch time and I must see that all the students get their nourishment. No matter how busy the day, they must take time for that.

Well, there's no use even trying to think with all that confusion going on right below me. No one seemed to hear me this morning even though I fairly shouted, but I'll wager that they'll hear me at closing time even if I announce it in the faintest whisper.

This all sounds tough, but it's all in a day's work for an important clock like me. I can't say that I am sorry tomorrow is Saturday, however.

Elizabeth Ratcliffe, '53

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

When you go through what I have been through you don't come home feeling the same way. You see, I am an ex-G.I. I was right in the middle of the fighting during the war, and saw my buddies fall down beside me. It left me with an awfully empty feeling, a feeling I hadn't been able to lose.

I bought a furniture store, hoping it would help. But it didn't. That feeling like lead stayed with me.

One day, a few weeks before Christmas, a little boy came into the store. His clothes looked like the ones I had seen on the small boys overseas. The hat he held

tightly in his hand looked as if it were ten sizes too large for him.

"How much is the radio in the window?" he asked in a business like manner. As he asked this question, he stuck his hand into his pocket and pulled out two dimes, three nickels and seven pennies.

"More than you have," I replied.

When he heard this his face dropped and he was silent for a minute.

Then he asked sadly, "Do you need any help around the store? I am a very good worker."

It just so happened I did. He was little, but I did need help and little boys don't expect as much money as big ones.

The following weeks were very strange. The boy was different from any other boy I had ever met. His mother sewed for the neighbors for a living. He said she was so beautiful and so good to him that he wanted to get a radio so she could listen to wonderful music all day long. He seemed so happy because he thought he was going to give his mother a radio for Christmas. I couldn't tell him that he wouldn't be able to. I decided the day before Christmas that I would go and see his mother and ask her if she had any money to pay the difference on the radio. They lived in an old run-down apartment house in the poorest section of town. The inside was cold, damp, and dark. I had to feel my way into their apartment. When I saw her I was so surprised, for she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I told the story to her, but she said to me in a sad, sweet way that she didn't have any money to spare.

I asked her to tell her son that I heard Santa Claus was going to give her a radio so he wouldn't have to. She thanked me, and I left with a dazed, puzzled feeling.

I had never seen anyone like her before.

That night I tried to sleep, but I couldn't. All I could see was the expression that would be on the boy's face the next morning when he found there wasn't any radio for his mother.

At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up dressed, picked out one of my best radios, and started for the little boy's home. It was about midnight; the snow was falling lightly, and from every window shone bright Christmas colors. When I got to the spot where the boy's house had been it was gone, and in its place was a quaint old church with its steeple reaching into the sky. Bells were ringing, the organ was playing, and from everywhere people were going inside to pray.

Looking through the dancing snow flakes, I thought I saw the little boy's Mother kneeling over something. As I went closer, I saw that it was only a statue of a beautiful woman kneeling over a manger, looking at a small baby boy. A small boy that looked just like the boy that had worked for me.

That cold feeling I had had for so long left me, and in its place came a warm glow that spread throughout me. The people I had seen every day seemed different now, strange and wonderful. A phrase or a song kept ringing through my ears, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Lois Milliken, '53

LET JIMINY CRICKET BE YOUR GUIDE

Sometimes I am easily discouraged. Last week, while I was picking evergreens, is a good example of such a time. After an hour's trudge in the snow, I hadn't found

a single green sprig. It was cold and wet, and I was disgusted.

Suddenly, I thought I saw something green beside a tree a few feet away. I stumbled over, only to find a few pine needles. Looking more closely, I saw a small woodland fairy in a brown and green costume. He looked puzzled and amazed, as he stared at me from my frozen toes to my white earmuffs.

He piped up in a shrill little voice, "What are you doing here?"

I told him of my useless search. He was very unsympathetic as he replied, "You won't get anything accomplished by sitting there. Why don't you go a little farther? Always remember, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Then, he jumped up and hit me on the head with a small hammer. I leaped up and rubbed my eyes. I had been sleeping. I glanced around and sure enough the fairy had been right, I saw enough evergreen to fill my basket.

I guess everybody has his own special guide to help him tell right from wrong. Could this tiny fairy have been my own little Jiminy Cricket?

Jane Lewis, 53

THE LONELY LITTLE SCHOOL DESK

The little school desk waited patiently in the hall of the old school building. He longed for the day when some happy child would have him for his own.

In only a week school would start again. The little desk was full of joy, when he suddenly heard the janitor talking to someone. A strange voice said, "We have decided to have the school torn down."

The heart of the little desk sank and he began to cry. For days he sat there, lonely and unhappy,

awaiting the end. Then one morning, he listened in surprise and wondered. Was he mistaken or did he hear the school bell ring? And sure enough, he heard the children's footsteps in the hall and heard the janitor say they were going to fix the old school building over instead of tearing it down.

Now the lonely little school desk was a happy school desk, for some child would have him and probably would have his or her name carved neatly on top of him. He was happy indeed.

Ruth Bamford, '53

TRAGIC TALE OF AN ICE CUBE

Did you ever realize what a terrible thing it is to be an ice cube? You'd think I'd be happy just sitting here in my lovely, below-freezing compartment, but I know better.

At two o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Whosit is having a party. For lunch she's having iced tea. Iced tea, mind you, and you know what that means!

When I was younger I was thrilled to be here, little innocent thing that I was. How my opinions have changed!

Here comes the maid. She's dumping us into a pitcher. This tea is quickly melting me away. I haven't much longer. Here comes Mrs. Dawning for a cup of tea. Oh, I'm slipping, I'm slipping! Oh! Well, here I am now in Mrs. Dawning's glass. What's she doing now? She's setting me down. Surely she's not leaving me here.

I'm melting fast. The sun shines right on me. If only I could grow up instead of down!

Oh, I'm just a sliver of ice now. To think my life was wasted in a cup of tea that no one ever drank!

Kay Manchester, '53

IT'S AMAZING, ISN'T IT

It's amazing, isn't it, how comfortable a warm bed can be on a frosty January morning? I do not believe for a moment, that I am the sole member of the "Stay in Bed Mornings Society." Irving Berlin and Sir Harry Lauder had caught the idea when they presented us with "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" and "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning but It's Nicer to Stay in Bed."

The first fifteen minutes are undoubtedly the most comfortable for me. I imagine that under the fluffy woolen blankets I resemble Rover, curled up in the softest easy chair in the house. Although I did not inherit my bed from Louis XIV, I don't think that a King's bed could be more inviting than mine.

Robert Banks, '51

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

It was a dark, dismal, stormy, night in the middle of November. The huge lighthouse at Rock Haven, which my father and I occupied, was surrounded by heavy, overhanging clouds, warning us of the coming storm.

I sat tensely at the edge of my chair, not knowing what to do, or where to go. My heart came into my mouth as I saw the worried look on my father's tired, old face. He had just come down to our room from the top of the lighthouse to see if I was all right.

As he began to climb the stairway on his return trip, he stumbled and fell, breaking his leg. I immediately rushed to his side, made him as comfortable as possible, and applied a crude splint to his leg. Between breaths he gave me some instructions concerning the lighthouse light.

I hurried up the stairway to the very top of the lighthouse which had within it the all-important light which warned oncoming ships

of this rocky promontory. I stood near the light, to make sure everything was under control. I peered out over the dark, tempestuous ocean.

Suddenly I spotted a small ship coming nearer the lighthouse. "The light!" I cried. After a few minutes of observation I was aware that the light wasn't running properly.

I had watched my father fixing the light when a previous storm had occurred. Trying to remember each step clearly, I began my task. I could hear the ocean swirling harshly around the lighthouse. Thinking of the boat coming nearer by the minute I laboriously continued my work.

In approximately fifteen minutes my job was completed. I anxiously stared out on the ocean and found that the ship was miraculously at such a distance from the rocks that it could safely get back on its course again.

I sank wearily into the dingy chair in the corner of the room, with a sigh of great relief. In approximately one hour the storm died down and the dark clouds slowly disappeared over the horizon.

Marie Mastin, '53

THE DETHRONED KING

The story of the old discarded Christmas tree lying in the gutter is truly the story of a dethroned king.

Not long ago he stood in regal splendor, holding court. And his court was indeed a gay and splendid place, with its single glowing candle in each window, its delicate dishes of candies and nuts, and its cheerful fireplace. Here he received homage from incredulous little children whose wondering eyes feasted on his brightly glowing lights. Their hesitant fingers

gently touched his tinsel-strung branches, and their eyes strayed to the top of the tree where a wonderful star rested. In this room he stood, in the midst of a happy crowd of people who took the gayly-wrapped bundles scattered about his feet and opened them with unconcealed, squealing delight.

But alas, his reign was short. The beautiful ornaments were ripped from his helpless branches, the wonderful star was carefully put away to await his successor, and he was thrown into the gutter, still desperately clutching the tinsel which was all that remained of his regal splendor. And now he lies, a tree that has outlived its usefulness, a dethroned king.

Marjorie Terret, '51

WINTER FAIRYLAND

Gazing on the ice-covered streets you can easily imagine troops of little fairies having a ball on the crystal-covered fields and meadows, and you wonder if God made the snow and ice especially for them. The trees, reflecting the light of the moon, look as sheer as gossamer, helping to form the roof of the ballroom where the dance is to be held.

Let your imagination wander a little more and you are able to hear the fairy pipers tuning up, the rattle of the coaches coming to a stop to let the little people out, the chatter, sounding like the ringing of thousands of small clear bells, the nervous and excited laughter when the court jester makes his appearance, and the cry of admiration as the Fairy King and Queen enter the room.

The Queen gives the order for the dance to begin and the first tune is that ever so popular "Winter Wonderland". The dance lasts throughout the night, and at dawn the scurry of little feet is heard as

the fairies hurry home, before the world awakes. The sun comes up, and with its arrival go the remnants of the wonderful imaginative scene of the night gone by.

Joan Roberts, '53

HOME SWEET HOME

I shall now take you, gentle reader, to the most popular room at the whitish house on Wood Lane, the kitchen. As we are stepping over the threshold, I can see your bewildered eyes opening with amazement at the sight which sprawls before you. The cracked ceiling and the walls badly in need of paint, appall you. I can almost hear you saying to yourself, "Does a gen-u-ine carpenter actually reside in this humble abode?"

I respond to your question with "Yes, I'm sorry he's not at home just now. You see, a neighbor of ours is having his kitchen done over and Pop is helping."

Naturally, you understand the latter, because doubtless you have heard the legend about the cobbler, etc.

After you drag your other stunned foot over the doorjam, you discover the faint aroma of vittles cooking, and you conclude that a cook lives here, even if a handyman doesn't. Your roving eyes fall upon a rather shabby, colorful, but lived-in couch. The evening papers, a pipe, and a beaten tobacco pouch practically spell out "Here lies the master of the house." Mom is placidly seated in a wicker rocking chair, concentrating on the guest appearance of "The Theatre Guild on the Air," while knitting a sharp pair of argyle socks.

I am about to start roasting the yellow kernels of our last can of pop-corn. My Dad and our congenial neighbor come in for a feed of snowy-white puffs. When the

feed is over, each person goes his own way, leaving me trying to finish my English Composition. I'm sitting here struggling to puzzle out why the warm smell of the hissing radiator, the crispy cookies Mom just baked, the empty, greasy, popcorn bowl, and the newspapers, scattered and mussed, are all so wonderful. Then, a bright, new idea dawns on my popcorn dulled brain. I realize, at last, that this cozy spot is home to every member of the family, and our amiable neighbors too, because we all help to make it so.

Barbara Deighan, '51

BASEBALL, 1965

A great many changes have taken place in the baseball world of 1965. It is the most interesting and exciting baseball season up to that time.

The most important happening is the five year suspension of the New York Yankees from the American League. This is because of unfairness to other clubs by winning the World Series for fifteen straight years. The suspension was suggested by Jackie Jensen, Yankee manager, who was tired of getting so much money for winning the Worlds Series competition.

The pitcher who wins the most games, twenty-five, is Maury McDermott, the stringbean of the Red Sox. It is said he could have won forty games if he hadn't been tripped by Andy Torgeson, his opposing pitcher in the All-Star game. Andy is the son of the famed Braves' manager and former first baseman of the 1950's.

Seven pitchers broke either arms, legs, or jaws this year, so Ted Williams, Baseball's High Commissioner, announces that only mechanical pitchers will be used in 1966.

The home run and batting championships are won by George Kell,

Jr. of the Detroit Tigers. Georgie bats 679 and his 67 home runs, the lowest amount hit since the lively ball was abolished in 1957.

To top off this fantastic year comes the World Series. It is played between the Boston Red Sox and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Cadillacs and life-sized television sets are offered to all persons who will attend the games. It is a thrilling Series with all games played at night.

Instead of starting a game with "Play Ball", "Lights, Camera, Action!" is shouted by the head umpire, who is Dianne Sawyer, daughter of the former Phil's manager. Twenty television cameras cover the seventh and final game played at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn.

The players, in their short-pants uniforms, line up before the game for inspection of their ties by Don Di Maggio, and Barbara Reese, the respective managers. This is done because the girl umpires insist on neatness.

Everyone is tense as the game begins. It is hitless until the eleventh inning, when the Dodger pitcher hits a foul ball into the right field stands, thus waking up some of the fans. Time is called until they are comfortably dozing again.

Gil Hodges, Jr. and Donnie Doerr both hit home runs in the sixteenth inning, and going into the eighteenth and final inning the score is tied 1 to 1.

There are two out in the last of the eighteenth when Vern Stephens III, the Wheaties' man, comes to bat. Stephie swings with his eyes shut, due to his fear of eyestrain from the spotlights used in televising, and hits a mighty home run over the left field fence, 125 feet away.

It is the Red Sox' first World Series victory since 1918. Because of the win, Dom Di Maggio, Jr.,

the manager, presents each player with a penthouse apartment, \$10,000 in cash and one dozen pairs of red wool socks.

Thus ends the baseball season of 1965. All that can be said of it is that famed quotation of Mel Allen, sports announcer, "Well, how about that!"

Martha Cavallaro, '54

"BUZZY MURRAY"

Have you ever heard about Buzzy Murray? Well, if you haven't, just let me tell you that you've really missed something!

To begin with, Buzzy's hair is the one thing that attracts me. It is always slicked down so neatly on his head, and shines like a new dime. He seems to be aware of the fact that his hair is so nice, because at times he really struts around, acting quite proud of his glamour.

To get on with Buzzy's description, we'll talk next about his eyes. They usually have a gay sparkle to them that makes him look as if he's laughing, but at other times they gain soberness and look at you as if to say, "Please, can't you give me just a little loving?" You see, Buzzy can speak a language all his own with his eyes.

Have patience everyone, for now I'm coming to the part that I know every one is interested in—his build. He's just oh so masculine

and strong-looking that I couldn't tell you in words how really attractive he is. In general, he's just plain perfect.

Well, if I wanted to I could go on like this all day, but I just don't want to take too much of your time, so I'll sign off this way: Buzzy Murray is the cutest little dog I've ever seen or expect to see while I live on this earth.

Judy Cyr, '53

GOODBY WORLD

2:00 P. M.

Yes, I am beautiful, am I not? Look at all those children just dying to have me, but can you blame them? In fact I think I'm sweeter than any one else. Gee, this is the life! All I do all day is sit here and let people stare at me, and listen to their flattering remarks. Now just watch them drool.

2:15 P. M.

Oh, no! Oh, please no! There's a little boy who's pointing at me, and look, he's got enough money to pay for me. Jerry's taking me. Yes, I'm leaving my dear home.

2:30 P. M.

I'm going pretty fast now. Don't think I'll last much longer. Looks like my time's up. It was fun while it lasted, being a big red and white lollipop in the window of Jerry's Grocery store. But I'm licked now, licked till I'm all melted away.

Alice Dolan, '53





POET'S CORNER

IS THIS YOUR FATE?

Dere's an ol' ol' story dat my
mammy used to tell
Of all de li'l chillun in heaben an
hell.

All about a colored boy named Li'l
Black Joe

Who was feared'n unwelcome
wherever he would go.

He was fresh'n he was bad as no
one else could be.

He said such naughty words to his
poor ol' mammy.

De years how quickly dey went by,
Soon 'twas time for Joe to die.
Tru de gates of fire in red hot
Hades,
L'il Joe shobeled wit de heaby
spades.

He kept de fires goin' nice'n hot,
'Twas his reward for not doin as
taught.

All thru his life, he neber learned,
So in hell, Li'l Joe was burned.

Moral: If you've been bad, you'd
better start learnin'.

'Cause in Satan's House they'll
keep you burnin!

Elaine Jiadosz, '53

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

I was at the city yesterday
And had an awful time,
'Cause I went there with my wallet
full
And came home with a dime.

I bought a present for everyone,
Although I don't know how.
I was shoved and pushed at every
store,
I'm glad it's over now.

Too bad you didn't see me there,
You would have laughed, I guess.
With bundles piled all over the
place,
Boy was I a mess!

When I got home I said to Ma
That I would go no more,
But wait till Christmas comes
again,

You'll see me in some store.

Calvin Snell, '51

GOSSIP

Some people take pleasure,
As we all know,
In dealing others
A marring blow.

A marring blow
With no physical force,
But to hurt as it does,
Surely shows no remorse.

It stings as it's heard,
Like the plunge of an arrow,
But yet brings pleasure,
To those minds that are narrow.

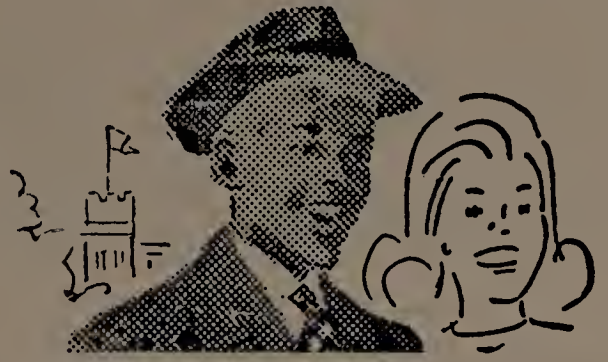
The cause may be jealousy,
Vengeance, or gossip,
Maliciously spread
With the speed of a horse-whip.

Girls can be mean,
And bitter, and vicious,
And when speaking of others
Have a high, clouded visage.

Remember this saying:
"To be a popular gal,
You really must be
An all-round good pal."

Barbara Saul, '52

TALK OF THE SCHOOL



Congratulations to Jane Lewis for her fine showing in the Greater Lawrence Community Chest Essay Contest. Jane won first prize in grades 9 and 10, and she received a \$25 war bond and a silver cup.

A very intensive search took place recently in Bookkeeping 3-2. It seems Miss Neal asked the class to bring their report cards to the desk so she could mark them. The cards were brought up and placed on the desk. A few minutes later, she called off the names and the cards were returned to the owners. She then asked if everyone had received a card and Marge Midgely gave the only negative reply.

"Are you sure you brought it up?" questioned Miss Neal.

"Yes," was the answer.

That was when the search began. The whole room looked as though a cyclone had struck it. What kept everyone searching was that everyone knew the card was in the room, yet no one knew where.

Mary Guiccardi then solved the mystery by finding it in the back of Marge's paper pad. Marge was then asked what she brought up to the desk. Well, it was a card, but not hers. It was Barb Saul's, which Barb picked up during the preceding period. Barb didn't hear Miss Neal call for the cards so it didn't seem strange to her when her card was returned at the close of the period.

- - - - -

To New England, fall weather brings turning leaves, cooler days,

shorter evenings, and most of all that surprising fall wind which is likely to creep up on its victim anytime, anywhere.

One windy day in French III, this unwelcomed intruder took Dick Banks by surprise as he was diligently studying his lesson. Without any forewarning whatsoever, a fierce gust of wind stole through the window and recklessly dashed out with Dick's homework! Poor Dick was left completely mystified and angry with this uninvited visitor. But Mr. Wind was only playing old tricks again, and he was soon merrily chasing down Osgood Street with twigs, leaves, sticks, and Dick's homework!

- - - - -

It seems as though the teachers of Johnson High School are getting off to a rather rough start this year. The main problem is "Animals" in plain, ordinary English. The first few weeks school was in session, a log could be found in nearly every room of the school. As a matter of fact, a few of them were so frequently found in school that they may have almost as much knowledge as a few of the students. They began disturbing the students and it was at once decided they should be left at home. Notices were sent out, telling students to leave their dogs at home and not to let any stray dogs in school.

Things were just getting back to normal when a skunk found its way into one of the pits on the side of the building. It couldn't get out and since it was quite

a task to ask anyone to cope with, it stayed there for quite a few hours before being removed. However, some of the boys did place a rather wide board from the hole to the surface of the ground.

The next day, our little friend was gone. It is assumed that he used the board as a means of escape during the darkness of the night, as his name appeared on the absent list the following morning.



RECORD

FRESHMAN CLASS

This year our Freshman Class officers are: President, George Acciard; Vice-President, Bruce Burnham; Secretary-Treasurer, Ann Bullock.

Our President, George Acciard, graduated from the Thomson School. He is a member of our hard-fighting football team.

Bruce Burnham, our Vice-President, is a graduate of the Merrimack School. He is taking the College Course and intends to further his studies at M. I. T.

Ann Bullock, our Secretary-Treasurer, is liked by all. She enjoys sailing very much. She also is a graduate of the Merrimack School.

I. T.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

This fall the Junior Class elected as its class president George Knightly. George is a popular lad with everyone. He is always high on the honor roll and is one of the best players on the football team.

George Schofield was elected as our vice-president. George is a tall, blonde, good-looking fellow who is always good-natured. He is also a highly-rated football player.

Arlene George was elected as secretary-treasurer. Arlene is liked by everyone. She is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who need it. Arlene is high on the honor roll too.

F. T.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

This year our president, re-elected from last term, is handsome Robert Lewis. He enjoys sports, particularly football. Tall, blonde, and shy describes Bob perfectly.

Our vice-president is a new member of the Council, popular Alice Dolan. She plans to be an army nurse.

Our able secretary-treasurer is cute Nancy Lawlor. Her friendly smile attracts everyone. Nan too plans to become a nurse.

C. M.

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class elected Paul Driscoll as its President for the second year in a row. Paul is a very popular member of the class and very well-known as captain of our football team.

Bob Stewart was chosen as our new Vice-President. Anyone who has seen some of the football games this season will tell you that he is quite an athlete. We're sure Bob will do well in his new job.

Joan Nery was re-elected as Secretary-Treasurer. Attractive Joan is

one of those people who can always be counted on to do a job well.

M. W.

CLASS RING

This October the Juniors voted for their class ring. There was much excitement while they tried to reach a decision on one ring from the many samples which were displayed. A class meeting was called on October 18 and the class ring was finally chosen by a large majority. Everyone was satisfied with the decision.

F. T.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

Everyone was very pleased to see such a large number of Freshmen and Seniors Friday, November 10, at the annual Freshman-Senior Dance. The hall was beautifully decorated and excellent music was provided by George Emmons. All those who attended will tell you it was one of the best dances we have had in a long time.

M. W.

STUDENT COUNCIL

As customary, at the first meeting of the Student Council officers for the following year were elected. These officers are: President, Paul Driscoll; Vice-President, Robert Stewart; Secretary-Treasurer, George Knightly.

A committee of seven was appointed for the purpose of outlining a social program for the coming school year. This committee consisted of the following:

Barbara Watts '51, Marion Bamford '52, Ina Thomson '54, Beverlee Thomson '54, Paul Driscoll '51, Robert Stewart '51, George Knightly '52. The calendar, which was approved by the entire Student Council, consisted of the following dances or events:

Freshman-Senior dance, November 10

Football dance, December 1

Honor Society dance, December 15

Journal dance, January 12

Basketball dance, February 2

Yearbook dance, February 16

Prom Benefit dance, March 9

Sophomore-Junior dance, March 30

School Play, April 12 and 13

Student-Council dance, May 2

Prom, June 8

This program, incidentally, includes more dances than any previous year.

Recess activities were resumed Oct. 25 and the senior boys acting as monitors for this program are: Paul Driscoll, Anthony Galvagna, Fred Marland, Clarence Scheipers, Gerald Stewart and Robert Stewart. A successful collection was taken up in homerooms October 30, and the proceeds were used to defray the expense of purchasing new records for the dancing program.

B. W.

GUESS WHO?

A popular member of the Senior Class of '51, he stands about 5 ft. 7 in. He has dark hair and blue eyes. Active in baseball, basketball, and captain of football, - - - is one of the most popular boys at Johnson High School, along with being President of the Senior Class and also of the Student Council. I am sure you need no more introduction to one swell kid.

See page 16 for answer.

GUESS WHO?

Another popular member of the Senior Class of '51, this girl has blonde hair and light blue eyes. She is about 5 ft. 7 inch. in height, Captain of the Girls' Basketball team and head cheerleader, all of which goes with personality plus, describes her to a "T".

See page 16 for answer.

GUIDANCE OFFICE NEWS

Chief Davis, Head Officer of the Naval Recruiting office, visited recently to explain to Senior Boys about the N.R.O.T.C. examination.

Mrs. Tidmarsh and Miss Mary Buckley of the Chamberlaine Junior College came and spoke to interested girls on merchandising and medical secretarial work.

The Junior Business Training Classes have enjoyed a series of interesting talks on topics such as Services of Banks, Savings Accounts, Checking Accounts, and Correct Method of Writing Checks. These talks have been given by speakers from various banks.

J. C.

UNITED NATIONS' DAY

Thursday, October 24, an assembly was held during the sixth period in observance of United Nations' Day. Ann Gioco, class of '51, acted as student chairman. Speeches about the U. N. flag and the history of the U. N. were given by Joan Nery and Marjorie Terret, also of the senior class. Prayers were offered by Rev. Francis L. Shea, pastor of St. Michael's Church. Mr. Clarence Mosher led the student body in singing patriotic songs. The pianist was Ann Nelson, class of '53.

The entire program was under the direction of Miss V. Chapman.

J. B.

DEMONSTRATION

The Junior Business Training Classes recently enjoyed a demonstration by Mr. Broadhead of the National Cash Register Company, Lawrence, of the latest cash register.

After demonstrating the cash register, Mr. Broadhead gave each student a chance to work it himself.

J. C.

RALLY

Prior to the football game with Methuen High School, a rally was held in the hall during the seventh period on Friday, October 7, 1950. The entire student body joined in the cheers which were led by the school cheerleaders.

J. B.

GUESS WHO ANSWERS

Answer—Paul Driscoll

Answer—Evelyn Roche.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

On Thursday, November 9, 1950, a total of thirteen new members were received into the Johnson Chapter of the National Honor Society at an assembly program in the auditorium.

The program commenced with the school band playing "Military Escort" which was followed by the singing of "America The Beautiful" by the student body. Barbara Watts, president of the Society, then introduced Mr. Alvah G. Hayes, principal of Johnson High School, who outlined the history of the Society. In closing Mr. Hayes lighted the Candle of Education which was surrounded by four candles representing character, scholarship, leadership, and service.

Superintendent of Schools, Francis J. O'Brien, was then introduced. Mr. O'Brien extended his congratulations to the members of the society.

The remaining four candles were then lighted by the society officers: Barbara Watts, Marjorie Terret, Mary Ann Maynard, and Anthony Galvagna.

Miss Irene Cook, faculty advisor for the society, read the names of the new members. They were: Robert Banks, Pauline Boeglin, Jane Broderick, Dorothy Detora, Ellen Driscoll, Carolyn Dushame,

Daniel Forgetta, Joyce Hamilton, Diana Keach, Lorraine Kelgin, George Knightly, Clarence Scheippers, and Nancy Hamilton.

All the members then repeated the Honor Society Pledge after Miss Cook, and the membership cards were distributed. A selection by the band concluded the program.

J. B.

HONOR SOCIETY OFFICERS

The Honor Society has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Barbara Watts; Vice-President, Marjorie Terret; Secretary, Mary Ann Maynard; Treasurer, Anthony Galvagna. Mary Boyle and Ann Hickey were elected as council members to meet with a committee of teachers.

M. A. M.

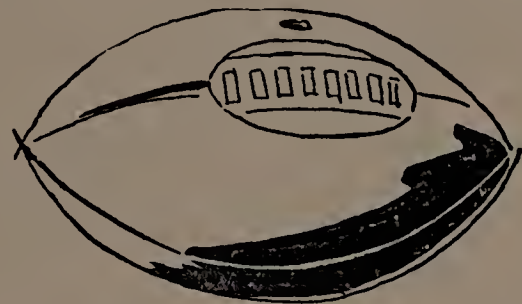
CLUBS

Clubs have been organized again this year as in the past. The majority of the students join the different clubs and enjoy the various activities. Those clubs formed this year are:

Dramatic Club
Reading Club
Camera Club
Hobby Club
Chefs' Club
Art Club
Boosters' Club
Commercial Design Club
Knitting Club
Sewing Club
Commercial Club
Block Printing & Textile
Painting Club
Model Builders Club

A. G.

SPORTS



FOOTBALL

As practice opened for the Johnson 1950 football season, Coach Lee faced the task of selecting a varsity from a thin squad of less than thirty aspirants. At several times, as the season progressed, additions were made to the team but it never grew to great size.

Johnson 13 - Billerica 7

By virtue of a 13-7 decision in the initial fray, Coaches Lee and Miller proved their ability in molding teams. Making up for a deficiency in size and numbers with determination and hustle, an underdog Johnson eleven outfought a heavier Howe High aggregation. Johnson led 6-0 at half time and

held a 13-0 lead until the closing seconds of the fourth quarter, when Howe scored after a drive into Johnson territory.

Johnson 25 - Chelmsford 13

With the same undeniable spirit the Johnsonites treked to Chelmsford. Excellent line play by the whole forward wall sparked the Red and Black to a well earned victory. For this win, however, Johnson paid dearly, as Paul Driscoll suffered a shoulder injury and was lost for two games.

Johnson 13 - Methuen 35

Sorely missing the stellar services of Captain Driscoll, Johnson bogged down considerably and played spotty football. Upon occasions

Johnson displayed the power of the first two encounters, but was on the defensive most of the time. The home club played a hard game throughout.

Johnson 0 - Wilmington 6

Riddled with injuries, Johnson made its fourth visit in as many games to an opposing town. Unable to regain its former stride, Johnson was nipped by Wilmington 6-0.

Johnson 6 - Reading 33

In Reading, the Johnson gridders faced as formidable a foe as they had seen all season. The Reading High boys, in the middle of a "hot" streak, were not to be denied. Unable to jump off on the right foot, Johnson found itself floundering in the wake of Reading's machine.

Johnson 34 - Somerville Vocational 0

Possibly encouraged by familiar surroundings, the Red and Black roared into great style white-washing Somerville Vocational 34-0. The invaders refused to give up, but just didn't seem to have it. The forward defense for Johnson was almost invulnerable and would not yield to the opposing forces. Bob Beaudoin, who along with Jack Shottes and Fred Marland played a bang-up game at backer-up, made a fine run after intercepting a pass 45 yds. from the goal line.

Johnson 33 - Ipswich 0

Bringing its brief home season to climax under grey skies and on muddy sod, Johnson overcame Mother Nature and a persistent Ipswich team. Captain Driscoll and Bob Stewart, both in top form ran roughshod all afternoon for three and two touchdowns respectively. Stewart reeled off the best run of the game with a 45 yd. sprint on a well executed reverse. A kick, blocked by Crabtree in the opening

minutes of play, paved the way for the first touchdown. Alexander's passes and Driscoll's dogged line plunges kept the opposition in the middle of a riddle for most of the game.

Johnson 18 - Punchard 32

Gray skies, cold feet, and red noses were prevalent at the twenty-ninth annual clashing of rivals Johnson and Punchard. Both teams had been well prepped, and the game promised to be a lively one. The referee tossed the coin. Johnson won and elected to receive. Johnson was unable to materialize on the opening kickoff so they punted. Punchard took over and began a sustained drive which ended with six points for the Blue and Gold. Soon after the ensuing kickoff, Johnson evened the count on a long pass play from Alexander to Stewart which covered over fifty yards. The game progressed rapidly with Punchard cashing in on the breaks, and at the half the score stood 19-6, Punchard. The loss of Captain Driscoll with a shoulder injury may have upset the Red and Black momentarily during the second quarter, because in the third and fourth stanzas they matched Punchard tally for tally. This, however, was not enough as Punchard emerged the victor, 32-18. Proof that Johnson would not give up is their final touchdown registered on a second pass from Alexander to Stewart, and a nice run by the latter on the last play of the game.

Congratulations to the team, and thanks to the coaches and cheerleaders for their moral support during a successful season.

J.H.S. 27 - P.A.J.V. "A" 19

A previously unscheduled encounter was added to the records of the Johnson and Phillips Andover J. V. "A" teams as the two

met at Andover. Throughout the game Paul Driscoll's hard running stood out, and the Johnson captain added three touchdowns to his total. Phillips kept coming back, but Johnson was triumphant in the end.

MEMBERS OF THE SQUAD:

Centers: Fred Marland, Ronald Fountain.

Guards: Jack Shottes, Bob Lewis, Tom Spedding, Donald Thomson, Fred Wilson, Ray Watts, Bruce Hamilton.

Tackles: Clarence Scheipers, Walter Crabtree, Bob Snell, Joseph Cushing, David Wallwork, George Acciard.

Ends: George Schofield, Herbert Wood, Bob Thompson, John Torla, Robert Dill.

Backs: Paul Driscoll (captain), Bob Stewart, Doug Alexander, George Knightly, Raymond Gile,

Edward Saul, Paul Taylor, John Zuill, Richard Brown, Dominic Mangano, John Palmieri, Carlo Giribaldi, David Knightly, Bob Beaudoin.

Coach: George F. Lee.

Asst. Coach: Philip Miller.

Managers: Gerald Stewart, Joseph Smith, Kenneth Long.

CHEERLEADERS

The football atmosphere wouldn't be complete without the colorful line of cheerleaders leading the cheers, despite rain or bad weather. This year, Marion Bamford, Betty Corcoran, Pat Smith, Chris Kane, and Ellen Driscoll were chosen to complete the line, along with four veterans, Barbara Watts, Evelyn Roche, Jean Calder, and Carolyn Dushame. Evie Roche was elected as one head cheerleader and Barbara Watts as the other.

B. D.



JOKES

The teacher noticed that Johnny wasn't paying much attention to the spelling lesson. He failed to respond when she called on him, so she cried sharply: "Board, Johnny, board!"

Johnny came out of his dream quickly and answered brightly: "Yes, teacher, plenty!"

* * *

Small Fry: "You wouldn't punish me for something I haven't done, would you, teacher?"

Teacher: "Certainly not. What haven't you done?"

Small Fry: "My homework."

A little boy was always late for school. The teacher told him to pray to God he wouldn't be late.

Next morning the little boy looked up at the sky and prayed, "Please Dear God, don't let me be late."

A log spread across the road was unnoticed by the praying boy. He tripped and said, "For heaven's sake, you don't have to push."

* * *

Three men were discussing the peculiarities of human beings.

One said "I know a man who writes in a very small hand to save ink."

Another said, "A friend of mine stops the clock at night to save wear and tear on it."

"You men are spendthrifts," said the third man. "I know a man who won't read the paper, because he says it wears his glasses out."

IMPROVING ON THE DICTIONARY

Drip—A person you can always hear but seldom turn off.

Gold Digger—A gal who loves a guy for all he's worth.

Mason-Dixon Line — A division between "You all" and "Youse guys."

Rich Man—One who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

Traffic Signal—A little green light that changes to red when your car approaches.

We are indebted to current programs and publications for our jokes.



EXCHANGES

"The Sagamore" — Brookline, Mass., October 6, 1950. We at Johnson certainly envy your wonderful new gym. Those outstanding features like the gym itself, which can be separated into two, three, or four smaller gyms, bleachers along the wall which seat about eighteen hundred people, special drinking fountains, four hundred showers and many more conveniences are what any school should be very proud to own.

"The Canary"—Allentown, Pa., October 6, 1950. "Deadline Tomorrow," a poem by Vera Weiss, was very amusing.

"The Lawrencian" — Lawrence, Mass., September 25, 1950.

"Don't worry if your job is small
And if your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you."

"I'll go no more to masquerades.
You needn't even ask.

I won first prize the other night
And I didn't wear a mask."

"The Oriole"—Richtland Center, Wisconsin, September 25, 1950.

Congratulations to the FFA Quartette which won second place and a prize of ten dollars for an impromptu performance at the Muscoda Harvest Festival, September 13.

"The Archon"—Governor Dummer Academy, July 1, 1950. "The Archon" is really an interesting publication. Everything from its written material to its pictures is perfect. It is a magazine well worth reading.

"The Sagamore" — Brookline, Mass., October 6, 1950. "Tempus Fidgets" brings out a good point. One true statement in this article reads, "We in the modern world should take advantage of our greater wisdom and utilize each fidgeting second while it's here, so we won't get out of breath trying to chase it after it fugits by."

"Boston University News"—Boston, Mass., September 19, 1950. "The news has come that in case of atomic attack important people will have priority in getting shelter space; and there's one more good reason for going to college."

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